

Rev. S. H. McKeown.

# BRADFORD OPINION.

VOLUME 9.

BRADFORD, VERMONT, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

NUMBER 18.

## THE OPINION

Published every Saturday.

BY BENI F. STANTON.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

ORDINARY ADVERTISEMENTS taken at the rate of \$1.00 per square one insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion. One inch space is a square.  
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LIVERY STABLE. GOOD TEAMS FUR-  
nished at all times, and at reasonable prices.  
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ble Office, near of Trotter House. Also, Stable  
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FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.  
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ford, Vt. Office at his residence. Various  
Medicinal Compounds, of long tried expe-  
rience, and of modern improvement, prepa-  
red by himself, kept constantly on hand for  
the benefit of the sick and lame.

### "Lost for Want of a Word."

"Lost for want of a word!"  
Fallen among thieves and dying,  
Priests and Levites passing  
The place where he is lying.  
He is too faint to call,  
Too far off to be heard!  
There are those beside life's highway  
Lost for want of a word!  
"Lost for want of a word!"  
All in the black night straying  
Among the mazes of thought,  
False lights ever betraying!  
Oh! that a human voice  
The murky darkness had stirred!  
Lost and benighted for ever!  
Lost for want of a word!  
"Lost for want of a word!"  
Too high it may be and noble,  
To be ever checked in his sin,  
Or led to Christ in his trouble.  
No one boldly and truly  
To show him where he has erred,  
Poor handful of dust and ashes!  
"Lost for want of a word!"  
A word that you might have spoken,  
Who knows what eyes may be dim,  
Or what hearts may be aching and broken!  
Go, scatter beside all waters,  
Nor sicken at hope deferred;  
Let never a soul by thy dumbness  
Be lost for want of a word!

### The Farmer's Home.

The Hon. Dudley W. Adams,  
master of the National Grange of  
the Patrons of Husbandry, in clos-  
ing the Fourth of July oration at  
Ottumwa, Iowa, gave the following  
as his idea of what the farmer's  
home should be:

"Select the handsomest spot of all,  
and erect a house of neat and taste-  
ful proportions and convenient ar-  
rangements. The size, finish, and  
expense will be governed by the  
means at command. Plant trees,  
both forest and fruit, in such a way  
as to break the sweep of the winter  
winds. Donate a reasonable patch  
of ground to small fruits and vege-  
tables, sufficient to supply your  
table with abundance of all desir-  
able kinds all the year round. Make  
an acre or more of lawn in front and  
around the dwelling, interspersed  
here and there with some ornamen-  
tal shade trees, evergreens, and flow-  
ering shrubs. From an ivy over the  
porch, a honeysuckle on the window.  
Hide the sheds and outbuildings  
with a clump of trees or climbing vine.

Your wife and daughters will have  
some artistic flower beds cut in the  
lawn, and a rosebush by the door,  
while singing birds will build nests  
in the trees. Make the inside of the  
house attractive—a pleasant place  
to sit, with inducements sufficient to  
keep your sons from saloons, and  
your daughters from the streets.  
Among the absolute necessities of  
life, I most decidedly and emphatic-  
ally place amusements, sports, fun.  
A good ringing laugh is worth more  
to stir the liver and promote diges-  
tion than a dose of calomel, and a  
deal pleasanter to take. If you ever  
come across a person, old or young,  
who cannot, on proper provocation,  
give out a good ringing, hearty  
laugh, watch him! He is either  
after your pocket book or the under-  
taker. Joy, fun, laughter, sterling,  
good, healthy, wide awake happiness,  
are among the most noble and de-  
sirable of human attributes. Noth-  
ing but men can laugh. Do not  
smother, but cultivate this distinc-  
tive feature of humanity."

### MASONIC MEETINGS.

CHARITY LODGE, NO. 43, REGULAR  
Communications on Wednesday of the  
week in which the moon falls. Mr. LEBANON  
R. A. CHARTER. Meetings on Wednesday  
afternoon of the week in which the moon falls.  
BRADFORD COUNCIL, NO. 11. Meetings at  
Masonic Hall on Wednesday afternoon of the  
week in which the moon falls, in the months  
of September, December, March and June.

### EAST CORINTH.

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HOTEL, FLOUR AND GRAIN MILL.  
Hotel of Flour and Grain constantly on  
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TIN SHOP. SEWING, TIN WARE, IRON  
Ware, Wooden Ware, &c. All kinds of  
Job work neatly done.

CORLISS & ROGERS. READY  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES. READY  
Made Clothing, Hats & Shoes, &c.  
Largest stock in Eastern part of Orange  
County.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
West Topsham, Vt.

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ham, Vt. Orders promptly attended to.

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A Wells River, Vt. Office with Judge Un-  
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STAR HALL, ELY, VT. LARGE AND  
well fitted up for accommodation of Dances  
and all kinds of entertainments. Let at rea-  
sonable rates.

C. H. SIBLEY.  
CARRIAGE TRIMMER, AND MANUFAC-  
turer of all kinds of Harnesses. Repair-  
ing done in the best manner. Main St., op-  
posite Hotel, West Fairlee.

### OLIVE WAYNE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

It was a dismal November night.  
The wind and the rain seemed to  
sigh and sob about the house. Mrs.  
Wayne heard it, and drew nearer  
the fire, shuddering; Olive paced  
the room restlessly. The clock  
struck seven; there was something  
in the sound like the tolling of a  
bell.

"What can have detained papa?"  
exclaimed Olive, and she went to  
the window, and looked out anxiously.  
"It's foolish, I know, but I can't  
help feeling uneasy."

Mrs. Wayne sighed, but made no  
reply. She was a confirmed invalid,  
a pale-faced, delicate woman who  
had been nursed and petted all her  
life, first by doting parents, then by  
husband and children. There was  
something in the very droop of her  
hands that told how helpless she  
was, and how dependent on others,  
both mentally and physically.

Olive was different. She was not  
so pretty as her mother, but there  
was strength and decision in the  
lines of her face. Her clear gray  
eyes looked out upon the world with  
a glance that did not falter when  
there was work to do, or wrongs to  
be righted; and Mrs. Wayne often  
sighed and wished that Olive was  
less energetic and self-reliant, and  
more like the "young lady of the  
period." "Just like her father,"  
was the world's verdict, and it made  
the girl's cheek flush with pride and  
pleasure, for if ever one being was  
perfect in the eyes of another, he  
was in hers. It was his helping  
hand that had lifted her above the  
foibles and trivialities which make  
up the existence of so many young  
women; it was he who had taught  
her the true meaning of life, and  
encouraged her to look forward to  
independence rather than a loveless  
marriage.

Olive was still at the window,  
when the door-bell rang sharply.  
She started, and hurried out of the  
room. In the hall she met Katy,  
who had just opened the door. A  
carriage stood in front of the steps,  
and some one wrapped in a cloak  
was being lifted out of it and borne  
into the house.

"Papa! papa!" she moaned. The  
men looked at her pityingly, as  
without asking a question, she had  
led them up stairs into a chamber,  
bright and cheerful, far away from  
the one where her mother sat and  
shivered over the fire.

They laid their burden on the bed,  
then turned aside sorrowfully, for  
with a quick movement Olive pull-  
ed off the cloak, and fell prostrate  
—on the corpse of her father! She  
did not faint or cry out, but drops  
of anguish stood on her forehead,  
and her whole frame shook with  
emotion.

"It was disease of the heart,"  
said a low, sympathetic voice. "He  
was as well as usual until about six  
o'clock this evening, when he sud-  
denly put his hand to his side with  
a cry of pain, and fell to the floor  
—dead."

Olive had need of all her self-con-  
trol to carry her through the night  
that followed. Afterward, remem-  
bering what she had suffered, she  
wondered that it had not killed her  
then and there. Her mother lay in  
convulsions; the shrieks of her  
younger sister, Clarice, rang thro'  
the house; in a darkened room lay  
that shrouded form—all that re-  
mained of her idolized father.

She could not have kept up but  
for the necessity of comforting her  
fellow-sufferers. The example of  
that dead father had taught her it  
was the duty of the strong to light-  
en the burdens of the weak, and to  
hide their own griefs rather than  
add to the misery of others. So  
few guessed from her white face and  
quiet manner what she endured.  
Some were even cruel enough to  
think her indifferent, but others  
read that lofty nature aright, and  
knew what a struggle went on be-  
neath her calm exterior.

Mrs. Wayne was so unnerved  
that the slightest allusion to her  
dead husband threw her into parox-  
ysms of grief. She was not even  
able to attend the funeral, and the  
only mourners were Olive, Clarice,  
and the twins, Alfred and Arthur.  
These were the children for whom  
Mr. Wayne had toiled unceasingly,

and toward whom he had ever shown  
himself loving and patient. Olive,  
the eldest, was twenty; Clarice, the  
beauty of the family, fourteen; Al-  
fred and Arthur, twelve.

No sooner was the funeral over  
than the future stared Olive in the  
face. She was not allowed even a  
brief interval for the luxury of sor-  
row. Everything that her father  
had possessed was invested in his  
bookstore. He owned nothing aside  
from it, and the whole establish-  
ment, if sold, wouldn't bring over  
five thousand dollars, after his debts  
were paid. How was she to educate  
her sisters and brothers, and provide  
her mother with the comforts and  
luxuries to which she had been ac-  
customed? There was but one way,  
and she shrank from that involun-  
tarily. But the more she thought  
of it, the more feasible it seemed.

A week after the funeral she broke  
the project to her mother. "Mam-  
ma," she said, "I've a plan in my  
head, and I want your approval of  
it." "Twice papa's wish, you remem-  
ber, to give Clarice a musical educa-  
tion, and send the boys to college.  
It ought to be done, but how? I  
might earn a little by sewing or  
teaching, but it wouldn't be much,  
for I've no talent that way. Mr.  
Hardy has proposed to take charge  
of the business, and receive a share  
of the profits, but I doubt whether  
that would be more advantageous  
than selling out at once, and plac-  
ing the money at interest. I've  
thought the matter over and over,  
and have finally determined with  
your permission, to take charge of  
it myself, and attend to the book-  
store personally."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at Mrs.  
Wayne's feet, she couldn't have  
been more surprised. She looked at  
Olive as if she doubted her sanity,  
and stammered, "Do you really  
mean it?"  
"Certainly. What is there to pre-  
vent it? Is there anything in the  
book trade repugnant to feminine  
instincts?"  
"But, Olive," expostulated her  
mother, faintly, "you've always re-  
fused to attend the Women's Rights  
Convention, and I didn't know you  
held any such notions."

"Mamma, it's not the conventions,  
it's necessity impels me to the step.  
I'm not a bit interested in the suf-  
frage question, and don't care to  
vote, but here's a business I under-  
stand partially, for I was papa's con-  
fident, and why should I give it up,  
and thus lose what might be com-  
fort and competence to you and the  
children? It's true, women don't  
usually carry on bookstores, and  
perhaps it isn't advisable they  
should; but ours is an exceptional  
case, and I really think 'twould be  
cowardly to draw back from this  
work I feel myself fitted to do. I  
may fail, but I think not, for I have  
something in me that Mr. Whipple  
would call grit."

"You'll be talked about so," said  
her mother querulously; "that's the  
worst of it. I'd rather bear any-  
thing else than ridicule. Couldn't  
you invest the money in something  
else that would yield as handsome  
a profit, but excite less comment?"  
"No; I've thought of that.  
'Twould be to much risk. The book  
trade is the only business I under-  
stand. As to feminine employments  
in other directions, the avenues are  
crowded, and I've not enough apti-  
tude for any one of them to insure  
success. I might earn a bare living  
—nothing more."

"You're so energetic, Olive!" and  
Mrs. Wayne sighed. "Do talk a  
little lower, and remember my  
nerves."

"Yes, mamma; but there's the  
door-bell, and it's time for the doc-  
tor's visit. He'd scold me roundly  
if he knew how I'd worried you.  
Please say 'Yes' before he comes in."

"Anything for peace," was the  
plaintive reply. And Olive, seeing  
the weary look that came into her  
mother's face, was obliged to be con-  
tented, for Mrs. Wayne had always  
been an object of peculiar solicitude  
to her own household, and it was  
for her sake even more than for that  
of the children that Olive dreaded  
a straightened income.

The doctor entered the room just  
as Olive was leaving it. He greet-  
ed her cordially, and said, in a low  
voice, "Mr. Ross came with me this  
morning. He is in the parlor."

The girl's cheek flushed. Vivian  
Ross was her betrothed husband.  
She had appointed this interview,  
but shrank from it nevertheless.  
Might he not think her plan imprac-  
ticable and unwomanly? But this  
was not the time for hesitation; he  
had come, and she must see him.  
So, summoning up all her firmness,  
she went down to the parlor. A  
dark, grave-looking young man of  
twenty-three, or thereabouts, rose  
at her entrance.

"Well, Olive?" said he, kindly,  
"what is it now? Your note was  
mysteriously worded, and excited  
my curiosity."

She turned a trifle pale, hesitated  
a minute, then told him all. He  
listened with an amused smile.

"And did you, alone and unaided,  
originate so Quixotic a scheme?"  
he asked. "Or was it the sugges-  
tion of some strong-minded sister?"

Olive was hurt, but answered,  
patiently, "Please don't jest, Vivi-  
an. I'm in earnest."

"No doubt of that; but your log-  
ic is defective. There's a certain de-  
fined boundary that separates wo-  
man's work from man's; and when  
she enters the field of politics, or  
any business that belongs to him  
exclusively, she invariably loses all  
that renders her attractive."

A wave of scarlet dyed Olive's  
face, but she answered, softly,  
"Dear Vivian, please look at this  
matter in its true light. Here's a  
business I feel myself capable of  
carrying on successfully. There's  
nothing in it that's likely to injure  
me physically, intellectually, or  
morally. Mamma and the children  
need its profits. Why should I re-  
sign it to other hands? Our mar-  
riage, as you know, is necessarily  
postponed for years, and in the  
meantime I can do this work."

There was no answer, and for the  
first time Olive began to see how  
different the true Vivian Ross was  
from the ideal she had set up in her  
imagination, and clothed with his  
face and figure.

"You will not give me a word of  
encouragement, then?" she said, at  
last. "Yet it's not simply a ques-  
tion of inclination, but of duty."

"Nonsense!" he muttered, auguri-  
ly. "It's a mere whim, and one  
that I'll not permit my betrothed  
wife to gratify."

"Then, Vivian"—and though her  
voice trembled, her eyes met his  
resolutely—"give me back my free-  
dom. I cannot have my free will  
thus constrained."

He started to his feet. "What!  
Will you sacrifice me sooner than  
this foolish scheme? You cannot  
mean it!"

"I do," and her voice grew firm.  
"There's an individuality of soul  
that ought to be respected—a limit  
to the submission women owe, ei-  
ther lovers or husbands."

"Women's rights jargon!" and he  
laughed bitterly. "But take your  
own way. Dismiss me, and go into  
the book-selling trade as soon as you  
like. I've been a little mistaken,  
that's all. I thought you a true wo-  
man, tender-hearted and unselfish;  
but I find you instead scheming and  
ambitious."

Olive winced visibly, but with-  
out a word took from her finger a  
plain gold ring, and handed it to  
him. He tossed it into the grate,  
where a few coals smoldered, gave  
her a look at once tender and re-  
proachful, and left the room.

Olive leaned against the mantle-  
piece, white and trembling. "This  
is the man," thought she, "from  
whom I expected sympathy and en-  
couragement, and he has turned my  
plan into ridicule, as if blind to the  
difficulties surrounding me. Papa,  
Vivian, both gone. What is life to  
me now? But why repine? Though  
love forsakes, duty still beckons me  
onward."

In spite of his faults, there was  
much to admire in the character of  
Vivian Ross. He was a poor me-  
chanic's son, who had worked his  
way through college with the in-  
tention of practising medicine. His  
energy and self-reliance, united with  
a nature both strong and tender,  
had won for him first Olive's esteem,  
afterward her affections. But there  
was a stratum of selfishness under-  
lying his good qualities; her father  
had caught a glimpse of it more  
than once, but she had not guessed  
its existence until now.

Though her acquaintance dated  
back to the time when he entered

Doctor Middleton's office as a stu-  
dent, they had only been acknowl-  
edged lovers a month. For Vivian  
feared it would be years before he  
could marry, and pride kept him si-  
lent. But love conquered his scrup-  
les finally, and the words were  
spoken that won from Olive such a  
shy, sweet answer.

"What though you are poor," said  
she, "it is the man I value, not  
his externals. We are young and  
can wait."

Ah! well, the tables are turned  
now. It was Olive who asked a sac-  
rifice, and he who denied it. The  
very independence to which he owed  
his success and education he con-  
demned in her.

Olive met with other repulses, but  
having once resolved, pursued her  
course unflinchingly. Nor did she  
lack encouragement. Many an old  
friend of Mr. Wayne, full of ad-  
miration for the daughter who so  
bravely took up her father's work,  
heartily bid her "God speed!" Doc-  
tor Middleton was one of these.

"She's a noble creature," he said  
to her mother, soon after the enter-  
prise was started. Would there  
were more like her. Society needs  
just such healthful blood infused in-  
to its veins."

But her eyes brightened when  
Clarice entered the room, and said,  
eagerly: "Mamma, where's Olive?  
Isn't she home from the store yet?"

"No, dear; but come in and speak  
to the doctor," and Mrs. Wayne's  
glance lingered on her face lovingly.

"Yes, mamma; but Martha's  
gone, bag and baggage, and what  
are we to do for supper?"

The doctor laughed, and Mrs.  
Wayne sighed helplessly. But a  
brisk voice answered, "Why, get it  
ourselves," and Olive suddenly made  
her appearance in their midst. "I'm  
a splendid cook," she continued,  
gravely. "And I invite you to stay  
and see, Doctor Middleton."

"I accept the invitation," he an-  
swered, promptly, a little to her dis-  
may.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 17, 1874.  
Editor of Opinion:

It has been popular this season  
for the employees of prominent  
business houses, to challenge each  
other to friendly games of base ball,  
and the papers have daily accounts  
of how the benedict book-keepers of  
Messrs. A. & Co., played the bachel-  
or salesmen of Messrs. B. & Co., and  
how, after much tribulation and  
amid the greatest excitement, the  
former won by a score of 99 to 98½  
—the half run having been granted  
by the unprofessional umpire as a  
compromise in a case of uncertainty.  
Knowing that such occasions  
must offer considerable material for  
sport, I decided to attend in your  
interest. I did attend.

The roll was called, and one man  
found wanting. I was sitting under  
the shade of a generous gingham, my  
note book open with "The day was  
everything to be desired" written as  
a start-off to the proposed commu-  
nication, when a gentleman promi-  
nent in this amateur movements,  
stepped up and asked me to make  
the other man. Now I give you my  
solemn word as a fellow Bohemian,  
that baring a feverish, primary  
school attack when a small lad in  
jackets, I've never handled the frisky  
ball, or wielded the nimble bat in a  
game of the mildest form.

But I was flattered. There must  
be, I thought, something attractive  
in my physique—some distinguish-  
ing features which marked me promi-  
nently in that crowd, and in a weak  
moment I gathered my embryonic  
notes together, wiped and put up my  
spectacles, and presented myself on  
the field. Now whether it was a  
courteous act merely, or because  
they noticed the size of my hands  
that they put me in as "catch," I  
never have discovered.

I did not ask at the time, and as  
I'm not on speaking terms with any  
of the party now, I claim the bene-  
fit of the doubt. Some one asked  
me for a cent. It was thrown up  
and a gentleman with his coat on  
and a cane said "you take the field."  
Somebody else took my cent.

The gentleman with his coat on said,  
"How high will you have it?" and  
before I could answer some thing  
struck me in the stomach and the  
man shouted "one strike." It seemed

to me as though it ought to count  
for more than that but I didn't say  
any thing—I couldn't; I could only  
think, and if that pitcher could  
have read my thoughts they would  
have made his blood run cold.

Before I could fairly straighten up  
the ball came again, I needn't have  
jumped out of the way as I did, for  
the batsman struck it, and turning  
round with the wildest look I ever  
witnessed, deliberately shied his  
club at my shins and started for the  
base.

Seven men went for that ball,  
while the other jumped up and  
down, slapping his knees and shout-  
ing "slingerin." In the rush, it was  
my prayerful wish that the man  
who pitched it into me might be  
killed, but he wasn't—only slightly  
injured, and took his place with a  
confidence which set my teeth on  
edge. The striker had reached his  
base after a stormy passage—loosing  
his bat and one boot, and throwing  
himself into the arms of the first  
baseman with such vehemence as to  
make him his enemy for life. At  
this point some one complicated  
things by shouting "Look out for  
second!" and this when I was strain-  
ing every nerve in an ineffectual at-  
tempt to look out for number one.  
The ball came. The batsman miss-  
ed it and so did I, and to make mat-  
ters worse, that man began to run  
for his next base. Then I commene-  
d to pick up that ball, but it would  
not come. I undertook to throw  
my left toe at least four times, and  
dug my fingers into the dirt, and  
waltzed around with my head be-  
tween my legs, getting a glimpse of  
it now and then to inspire confi-  
dence, and finally stepped upon it;  
when after several revolutions in a  
promiscuous sort of a way, accom-  
panied with a few remarks, the sen-  
timent of which I did not learn at  
my mother's knee, I struck out for  
the man with his coat on, dove into  
the small of his back, when he, with  
the most unearthly yell I ever heard,  
grasped the batsman by the hair,  
and we all plunged into a pile of  
camp chairs and reserve players,  
amid encouraging cries of "Pick it  
up," "Home run